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## Stop Sending Us Gardenworlds!

OC OC

Today was another meeting of the council to discuss the recent achievements of humanity.

A detachment of the Humanity-Unified Space Force had successfully taken down a strategic target considered to be completely impregnable.

There was a jovial conversation over the table, just about everybody seemed to having a good time...

...Except for the representative of humanity, Councilor Heinrich, he was in a bit of a sour mood.

It was in that moment that Senior Councilor Razack spoke. "We had a great many suggestions for the awards of this commendation, but I think I've discovered the best option. We will give one of our prized Coreworld-Seeds, Centari 1! What say you Councilor Heinrich?"

Councilor Heinrich ran his hands through his hair. "I'm sorry to ask Senior Councilor, but is there something else we can have instead?"

The council was stunned, Councilor Heinrich just refused a Coreworld-Seed! A paradise so perfect it was practically guaranteed to become a core world.

But, this was no issue for Senior Councilor Razack, he was well-versed in inter-species diplomacy.

He took a look at the data he had on Centari 1 for a moment to rectify his mistake. "Oh! I'm so sorry Councilor! Centari 1 is quite far away from the rest of human space, it would be hard to trade with or provide aid in a crisis, that was insensitive of me." Razack searched through some other suggested planets and picked a different one. "How about Astra 4? It's a level 3 gardenworld, so not quite as good, but it is much closer and easier to defend."

Senior Councilor Razack omitted the part about Centari 1 being surrounded by core world systems, making it *extremely* well defended, for the sake of diplomacy. He knew that humans could be particular and tried his best not to take offense.

Councilor Heinrich took a deep breath. "My deepest apologies Senior Councilor, but I cannot accept that one either."

Senior Councilor Razack was stumped.

He double-checked, and then triple-checked the data on the world.

Even with all of the standards humans have, there shouldn't be any sort of issues.

Senior Councilor Razack swallowed his pride. "Forgive me for asking Councilor Heinrich, but what's wrong with it?"

Councilor Heinrich chose his words carefully. "It's not suitable... for human interests."

Senior Councilor Razack suddenly realized something. It was likely a cultural issue!

Species are known to make strange decisions when some archaic aspect of their culture becomes involved, humans included.

Senior Councilor Razack held up his hands. "Say no more Councilor Heinrich, I believe I understand. Sometimes things just get lost in translation, here..." The Senior Councilor opened up a holo screen next to the human representative. "I'll give you to liberty of choosing your own reward, as it seems I lack the cultural knowledge to assign one."

This was a little humiliating for the Senior Councilor, as he prided himself extremely adept at being able to bridge such concerns.

Councilor Heinrich smiled apologetically, and then began to scroll through the list.

Slowly though, that smiled faded into a frustrated frown.

Eventually, the human reached the end of the list.

"Damn it! Damn it DAMN IT!" With the third iteration, the human pounded his fist against the table as hard as he could.

The strike sent a crack all the way down the poor innocent furniture, and startled all of the other councilors to their feet.

After a moment, Councilor Heinrich also stood, but his was slower and more methodical.

He then bent into a bow. "I apologize... I will pay for the table."

Senior Councilor Razack nodded, steadied his hands, replaced his chair, and then sat in it.

One by one, the other councilors followed suit, until everyone was seated again.

The senior councilor was the first to speak, and asked the question on everyone's minds. "I'm sorry councilor but I don't understand, what did we do to upset you?"

Councilor Heinrich sighed. "It's not even your fault, it's not like you knew any better." He sat up from his hunched position. "I hate to be so blunt Senior Councilor, but, stop sending us gardenworlds."

The Senior Councilor was speechless for a good few moments before he could regain his composure. "Stop sending you the best worlds we have to offer? What about those other gardenworlds we gave you for previous commendations?"

Councilor Heinrich rubbed his temples. "I was trying to be polite and subtly steer you toward solar systems with a planet we could use."

"You can't use them?" The Senior Councilor asked, dumbstruck.

Councilor Heinrich stood and created a large holo screen with his PDA, as he happened to be a conscientious objector to implant technology.

The screen depicted a slideshow of property damage and harmed animals. "All of these images were taken from the gardenworlds we've colonized at your behest."

"That's horrible! What happened?!"

"The truth of the matter is that humans can't stand gardenworlds, the sheer peace of it causes us to become paranoid and eventually go insane... when absolutely nothing changes, humans eventually start to make their own enemies, no matter how illogical." The human pressed a few buttons and created a holo screen for each Councilor. "Please give this report a quick read-through."

The room was quiet for a good thirty seconds before the Senior Councilor had read through to the highlighted part. "I'm sorry Councilor, the perpetrator 'suspected his air conditioning unit of espionage'? What does that even mean?"

"I'd like to know that myself Senior Councilor... this sort of thing happens every single time we send a group of humans to stay on a gardenworld for a term longer than 3 months, sometimes sooner."

Senior Councilor Razack sat back in his chair and took his turn to sigh. "What do you suggest then Councilor?"

"Give us deathworlds instead."

"Excuse me what?"

Councilor Heinrich sat into his chair again. "I'm dead serious, our instincts are hard-wired for it, and if they're not tripped every once in a while, our instincts slowly start to think they're defective and lower the threshold until everything trips them off."

"Our constituent species will consider this an utter disgrace, there will be an outcry that we're giving only the worst worlds to the humans despite their contributions."

"May I offer a suggestion then?"

A number of hours after the council meeting, there was a press conference to release to the public what decision the council had made.

"...It is with great honor that on behalf of the Grand Alliance Council that I bestow fifteen explorer-class frigates and free reign to claim any and all planets in the Seventh Arm Outer Reaches to humanity! May they continue to be exemplary in this new age of exploration!"

Fizop muted the screen so that he could talk over it. "You hear that disgrace Frank? They're putting all of the onus of finding new planets on humanity, what selfis-"

A glass broke and the human bartender looked up at the screen. "Fifteen? That many?"

Frank walked out from behind the bar and toward the door.

"Wait, what about my drink?" Fizop called behind him.

"I quit, the only reason I work here is because I barely flunked the space patrol exams." He saluted jokingly. "See you in the stars Fizop!"